

Your Politics is All Amiss

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Your prejudice is far from new
In you, what naivety there is
Wrapped in your point of view

When in your glass you peer
The truth you think you see
You are left, half lost I fear
Never right! As wrong as one can be.

Declare yourself that all men are free
Yet your thoughts are but illusions
Chained in your world, never left to be
a theology of grand delusion.

Your victims piled high, your legacy
lifeless cords, your marks forgotten souls
Hate has become your litany
Freedom erased, perhaps your goal.